1765 f. 11.

Mother *OSBORNE's*

LETTER

TO THE

Protestant Dissenters

VERSIFIED.

Mollie OSBORNE

LETTER

to the

Pretended Inventors

of Printing

Mother *Osborne's*

LETTER

TO THE

Proteſtant Diſſenters

Faithfully rendered into *Engliſh* Metre, from the *London* Journal of *Saturday, September* 8. 1733.

BY

Mother BUNCH,

Siſter to the ſaid Mother *Osborne*.

No Argument like Matter of Fact is.
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's Principles by what they do. Hudibras.

Is it not om'nous in all Countries,
When Crows and Ravens croak upon Trees.
Hudibras.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*. 1733. [Price 6 *d.*

LETTER

TO THE

Professors Different

BY

DUNCH.

42
6 25
91

LONDON:

Mother *OSBORNE*'s

LETTER

VERSIFIED.

ROTH, Gentlemen, few know (you better
Than I, the Writer of this Letter,
Ev'n I My self; nor in a Score,
Is there a Soul, doats on you more;
And therefore, as I love you mainly,
You muſt allow me to ſpeak plainly,

And

And tell you ſome ſtrange Things—Egad,
Enough to make a Saint run mad;
Things, which youv'e ne'er a Friend on Earth
Like me, would venture to hold forth;
And while your Brains are turn'd, poor Elves,
You cannot tell 'em to Your ſelves.

I ſtand as fair as any He
That wears a Head, the Truth to ſee;
For I've no Int'reſt to improve,
Or in this World; or that Above:
My Fortune's made,---I have no Wife,
To ſhare it — 'tis my own for Life;
And as I entertain no Friend,
'Tis more than ever I ſhall ſpend:
Hence I can eaſily procure,
Whatever does my Heart allure;

If Contemplation I'm inclin'd to,
Or if the Fleſh I have more mind to:
And as for all the reſt whatever,
They are not worth a Louſe's Liver.

NEXT, I'm a true-blew Proteſtant,
Well vers'd in Wheedle, and in Rant:
Attach'd to no Religious Party,
To all alike ſincere and hearty:
I've no ſuch Fondneſs for one Church,
As leave the others in the Lurch;
Nor can a mighty Diff'rence ſee,
For all are much the ſame to Me.
This Day, the Church is uppermoſt,
Next, the Diſſenters rule the Roaſt
With me, yet never wiſh that either
Should go to Loggerheads together.

And, in one Word, I'm for you all;
For you I cant, for you I bawl,
And ſhall continue this Behaviour,
While you my MASTER's Intereſt favour.

THIS great Indiff'rence, I deem,
Has ſet me up as Judge Supreme
Of every Sect; and I may hope
Much eaſier, out the Truth to grope;
And here, I ſolemnly declare,
I'll cry aloud, and ſhall not ſpare;
For Bawling's now moſt neceſſary,
And will, till Circumſtances vary:
Your's, and the Nation's Rights agree
To claim this uſeful Taſk of Me.

SINCE thus reſolv'd, I ſilence break;
Two Things there are, to which I'll ſpeak;

The

The general *Diſcontents* and *Clamours*,
Rais'd by ſome reſtleſs *Ninny-hammers*;
With their true Cauſes; and the ſecond,
What brainleſs Widgeons you'd be reckon'd,
Should you in theſe loud Clamours joyn,
And thwart my *Maſter*'s Wiſh, or *Mine*;
Whether we *Engliſhmen* eſteem you,
Or *Proteſtant Diſſenters* deem you.

Clamours and *Diſcontents* there are,
'Tis true, and ſo there always were;
And tho' I don't pretend t'inherit
One Ounce of *Mother* SHIPTON's Spirit,
I may aſſert, will always be,
To the laſt Gaſp of *Liberty*:
Without 'em Time ne'er run his Race;
Even Good *Queen* BESS's Golden Days,

And *William*'s happier Ones were curſt
With Vipers in the Nation nurſt.
And now a Secret I'll unfold t'you,
How Pamphlets torn, and Papers mouldy,
As many as would load a Team,
Wrote with the utmoſt Spite and Flegm;
At *Hatfield* ſtill remain, all thoroughly
Aim'd at that pious Stateſman BURLEIGH:
Theſe bundled up, as Story ſhews it,
He cramm'd into an empty Cloſet,
Thus titled, ---- *Libels levell'd at*
Me, while Prime Miniſter of State.
And if ſome late State Tracts you tumble,
You'll find that more were given to grumble
At WILLIAM, and there were as many Stirs
Againſt his Perſon, and his Miniſters,
As there are now.---But there's no Reaſon
Why Libels ſtufft brimful with Treaſon,

Should

Should argue that the then Court-Meaſures
Were but t'exhauſt the Nation's Treaſures;
Nor could you that for Truth explore,
Tho' there had been Ten Thouſand more.

THIS Nation numerous Swarms produces
Of Libels, and we know their Uſes:
Nor need be told, why FOG and t'other,
I mean the CRAFTSMAN, make a Pother.
The Cauſes ar'n't (upon the Whole,
I ſpeak ſincerely from my Soul)
I'th' *Miniſtry* or *Court*, in troth!
But in the Enemies of both:
For Court and Courtiers I ſtand Buff,
Reſolv'd to venture Kick and Cuff
With any Adverſary keen,
Who dares preſume to vent his Spleen,

To prove one ſingle Action done
Againſt our Conſtitution,
Then 'tis as plain as is the Noſe
Upon my Face, thoſe Clamours roſe
Againſt us, from a different Quarter,
Even from a noted *State Deſerter*;
A haughty Whig, once high in Power,
Turn'd by my Patron out of Door:
All ſuch, 'tis plain, we could not pale in,
So thoſe who ſuffer'd, fell a railing;
And ſtraight ſet up a Weekly Journal,
In hopes our Schemes to overturn all;
This, with a *Jacobite* one in Faſhion,
Has poiſon'd, and enflam'd the Nation.

THESE are contriv'd by artful Men,
Full of Revenge, and Malice keen,

In ſuch a Manner, and a Stile,
As might the very Saints beguile;
So that th' beſt Miniſtry on Earth,
Can never long diſplay their Worth;
Or hold the Popular Eſteem,
Againſt theſe Papers conſtant Stream;
Which ſtill miſrepreſent their Actions,
And labour hard to breed Diſtractions,
By their abuſing every Hour,
The Characters of Thoſe in Power.

THIS is the only Source, I trow,
From whence theſe bitter Waters flow;
And to their Shame, and dire Reproach,
The Whigs firſt ſet the Stream a-broach:
As ſtill as Mice full many a Day,
Both *Jacobites* and *Tories* lay

Since the Rebellion, nor again,
Diſturb'd the Firſt King *George*'s Reign;
Till the vile Craftſman had appear'd,
And high his direful Engines rear'd;
Our goodly Cittadel to ruin,
And ſlay each Mother's Son within:
But had the *Whigs* and *Patriots vext*,
Stood firm and ſteady to their Text;
And not the good old Cauſe forſaken,
We all of us had ſav'd our Bacon.
But now the mighty Work is o'er,
Thoſe *Jacobites* ſcarce known before,
Who long had ſkulk'd in Holes and Boroughs,
Sent their dire Gunſhot through and through [us:
We're now attack'd by thoſe *State-Tinkers*,
As *Whigs*, *Republicans* and *Free-Thinkers*,

And

And under all the Forms and Shapes,
That Malice or Reſentment apes;
Each upſtart Wretch, exalts his Horn,
And ſure as ever we were born,
From ſuch damn'd Diſcord they portend,
That our high Empire's near its End;
And to confeſs the Truth, I ſee
That ſuch a Change there needs muſt be,
Unleſs, for good and pious Ends,
All real and Original Friends
To th' Revolution, and the Line
Of *Hanover*, their Forces joyn.

Of theſe Original Friends and faſt Ones,
You, Gentlemen, are not the laſt Ones;
Don't think that I deſign to jeer you,
Or with Court Oyl or Paint beſmear you;

I talk not as a Tale-Enditer,
Nor like a Miniſterial Writer;
But as an Engliſhman ſpeak I,
And Faith I never told a Lye,
I feel the Truth of what I tell you,
Quite from the Bottom of my Belly;
And by like Judgment I divine too,
Your Guts muſt wamble juſt as mine do.

Look therefore well before you leap,
And run not head-long on like Sheep;
Conſider then without Delay,
What I, your gifted Brother, ſay;
As Engliſhmen you ſtand poſſeſt
Of equal Portions with the Reſt,
In every Revolution Bleſſing,
With thoſe o'th' *Hanover* Succeſſion:

Bleſſings

Bleſſings, which Twenty Years ago,
You'd have ſecur'd, you needs muſt know,
With Blood and Wounds, and half your Treaſure,
And even your A-ſ-s given with Pleaſure.

The Expectations of you all,
Are anſwer'd now, both Great and Small;
And the moſt ſanguine of Complexion,
Muſt needs approve ſuch wiſe Direction;
Imagination can aſpire,
To raiſe our Civil Rights no higher;
And Property's ſo ſtrongly guarded
No Wonder *W---*'s well rewarded.
Whate'er we wiſh'd, whate'er we wanted,
By Heaven's auſpicious Will is granted,
Which was that Laws both juſt and ſound,
Alike, ſhould Prince, and People bound;

All this, I ſay, you have, in common
With *Engliſh* Gentlemen and Yeomen;
But ſtill, as *Proteſtant Diſſenters*,
Into my Cranny ſomewhat enters,
Which you'd have done, and ſo would I,
For none your Wants can ſooner ſpy;
One Thing you need, and only one,
Which, for your Sakes, I wiſh were done:
Your Eyes already have beheld
Th'*Occas'nal*, and *Schiſm Acts* repeal'd;
To Meeting march but once, by One,
Præſto: Your Place at *Court* was gone:
And none of you, Father nor Mother,
Durſt teach their Children, by the Other.
Theſe were Calamities moſt dreadfull,
Of which I ſtill retain my Head full;

And ſure you ha'n't forgot the *Tony*,
Who laid thoſe heavy Loads upon you.

I own one Evil's yet behind,
Which unrepeal'd, you ſtill may find;
And while 'tis ſo, you can't enjoy
At Court, an Office or Employ;
But you, the Church muſt enter once,
And joyn Communion for the Nonce.
This Act ought, ſure, to be repeal'd,
If I in Politicks am ſkill'd,
And ſure I am, if rightly ſtated,
The Caſe might be demonſtrated
By all the Syſtems of Religion,
From *Moſes*'s Horns, to *Mahomet*'s Pidgeon.
But at the Nick of Time you wanted
A juſt Repeal, it couldn't be granted;

This you'll not ſtare at, if you knew,
That Miniſtries all Objects view
Thro' Spectacles politic quite,
Without Regard to Wrong or Right:
And as thro' Prejudice y'abhor them,
Tho' they'll not ſpeak, yet I'll ſpeak for
[them.

THEY ſay, they ſtand oblig'd, as Truſtees
Of King and Country, to do Juſtice,
And to promote the General Good
Always to toyl and moyl for Blood:
That tho' Things in themſelves be reaſona-
[ble;
To grant 'em, may be oft unſeaſonable;
That they muſt ſeparate Int'reſts treat,
As to the General they relate:

That

That tho' Diſſenters do inherit
A mighty Fund of real Merit;
And have done many a goodly Thing,
Both for the Nation, and the King;
Yet ſomething muſt done for People
With Inclinations to the Steeple;
By Principle directed thither,
Or by ſtrong Prejudices rather,
That the grand Body of the Nation
Are of the Church's Congregation:
That ſtill the Followers of the Gown
Are to Diſſenters Six to One.
That of the Clergy, the beſt Party,
And Laymen numerous, are hearty
As yet, againſt the Acts Repeal,
As hurtful to the Common-Weal;

Either

Either by Education led,
Or by more powerful Int'reſt ſway'd.
They add, the *Teſt*, as it ſtands now,
Is but a trifling Evil to you;
Becauſe (I ſpeak it to your Glory)
You're more polite than thoſe before you:
Which generous Notions will create,
Both of Religion and of State.

And now, a Secret I diſcloſe
Which not a Fiftieth of you knows,
That, in Five Hundred, hardly One,
(Nay had I to a Thouſand gone
I ſcarce had lied) that thinks an Union
With Churchmen ſinful, in Communion;
And therefore 'tis not worth the Pains,
To fret, and fume, and rack your Brains

To

To rid you, of an Evil ſo ſmall,
Which ſhortly will be none at all;
At th' Hazard of a cruel War
From a more numerous Herd by far,
As tho' there could be ſtill a Stranger
To that dire Cry, *The Church's Danger.*
That ſince the glorious Revolution,
Both Members of our Conſtitution,
Clergy and Lay, grow Complaiſant,
And neither Fire nor Faggot want,
Such ſtubborn Hereticks to chaſtiſe,
As dare to ſee with their own Eyes.
Thus They and You, I'd pawn my Soul,
May jog on fairly, Cheek by Jowl,
In the ſame Paths of Liberty,
Since thus your Sentiments agree:

So that, in Matters of Debate,
Both of Religion, and of State,
You'll ſhortly meet. Then they'll be proud
To grant whate'er is for your Good;
Or, in one Word, to pin the Basket,
You'll then be no ſuch Oafs to ask it,

THAT you may eaſily obtain,
When Time ſhall ſerve, what gives you Pain,
Tho' no ſuch Thing could then be granted,
Beſides, a ſtronger Force was wanted.

THEY add, that they are yours ſincerely,
To ſerve you, and they love you dearly;
And will with this Requeſt comply,
However frivolous, by and by.

Whene'er

Whene'er the Common Intereſt ſuits,
And ſo make End of all Diſputes.
That Prudence, and your ardent Zeal
For th'Honour of the Common-Weal,
Bids you attend a proper Seaſon,
When 'tis their Intereſt to hear Reaſon:
And if you have not loſt your Senſes,
You needs muſt know when that commences;
But if you don't, ſincerely Friends,
Next Winter, you'll not gain your Ends:
And if you ſtay *ſeven Winters* more,
You'll be juſt where you were before;

You needs muſt ſee, if you have Eyes,
What Uſe the Nation's Enemies,
And thoſe too of the Miniſtry,
(For they are both the ſame with Me)

Of a late fav'rite Scheme have made,
And how, audacious, ſtill they wade
Thro' thick and thin, 'midſt Wind and (Weather;
For they're cloſe rivited together.
That they've by monſtrous Lies, and Shams,
Falſe Colourings, and artful Flams,
Alarm'd the Kingdom, heighten'd their (Fears,
And brought the Mob about their Ears,
And can you think, in ſober Sadneſs,
They're grown to ſuch a Pitch of Madneſs,
As draw ſtill other Foes upon 'em,
When thoſe they've now, have nigh undone ('em;
To hear at once the doleful Knell,
Danger to Church and Common-Weal;
Stories againſt our Liberties,
Joyn'd with that Magick Word, *Exciſe*;

To ſtruggle with all theſe is Nonſenſe,
For One's enough for them in Conſcience.

THUS, Gentlemen, I've laid before you,
The Sum and Subſtance of the Story;
What our wiſe Politicians drive at,
And what, at laſt, Things will arrive at;
Why th' *Teſt-Act* can't be now repeal'd,
The Reaſon fully I've reveal'd.
And why it can't be done next Winter,
The Caſe is plain---The Whiggiſh Inter-
-Eſt muſt be well united firſt,
And then the Devil may do his worſt.

BUT whether this pacific Strain,
Hatcht in my *Matchiavelian* Brain;
Or thoſe politic Maxims will
Give either you or I our fill;

Why th' Bill laſt Seſſions wa'n't brought in,
Is what we need not care a Pin;
Beſides, I tell you ſtill, I may ſtick
T'another Scheme Eccleſiaſtick,
And ſo may you, and for our Betters,
They may be poor miſtaken Creatures;
But what of that--ſuppoſe they be,
Muſt a bare Fallibility
Be wrought up to a Crime ſo ſad,
As make the Nation run horn-mad;
The Whiggiſh Intereſt to break,
And have that Happineſs to ſeek,
Which they'll have given them ſafe and ſound,
If they but ſtay 'till th' Time comes round.
For ſuch a Chance (I ſpeak my Senſe
Of Things) muſt be the Conſequence,

If

If the Diſſenters, with our Foes
Joyn, the *Court-Meaſures* to oppoſe,
As will be put beyond all Doubt,
At my next Time of holding out:
From whence, I'll by good Reaſons ſhew (t'you,
That 'tis your higheſt bounden Duty,
And Intereſt too, for them to make up,
The ſtrongeſt Force that you can rake up.

LASTLY, I muſt proceed to ſhew you,
That what the *Craftſman* has ſaid to you,
Is mere Flim-flam; and then to turn ye all
Againſt th'Account in *Daily Journal*,
Given of a certain mighty Man,
Whoſe Actions none's more fit to ſcan;

Of

Of the repealing *Ireland*'s Teſt;
And having finiſh'd theſe, I reſt,
Dear Gentlemen, with high'ſt Eſteem,
Unbought, unbiaſt, free from Flegm,
With Heart ſincere, and Wiſhes fervent,
Your faithful Friend, and Humble Servant.

FINIS.